

He is Enthusiastic

The Warranted Enthusiasm of a Prominent Citizen of Owosso.

Mr. H. B. Gates has been a prominent man in Owosso for many years—an old citizen and much respected resident. He has held the important position of City Treasurer, and his endorsement is worthy of the consideration of the public. This is what he says:

"I take great pleasure in speaking words of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and my personal experience is what makes me feel that way toward the pills. For several years I have had an almost continual backache. I could hardly stoop over, and anything that required bending over would aggravate my backache so that I would be compelled to go and lie down for awhile. I was also greatly troubled with the urine. Sometimes it was very frequent, and then again it would become very scanty and high colored. When that way my stomach would bloat up terribly. This is what might be called the dark side of my story. The bright side followed when I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at the drug store of Johnson & Henderson and began their use. Their action was almost like magic. The second day after I commenced taking them my back felt better. I continued their use, and to-day my back feels splendid. It is free from any ache or lameness, something I have not experienced for a number of years. The urination has been restored to a natural condition and regularity. I do not blot any more. Another member of my family was troubled in nearly the same manner, and obtained the same benefit from using Doan's Kidney Pills that I did. Their wonderful success has made me enthusiastic in their praise. You are at liberty to use this statement and refer anyone to me. I have already told lots of people about them."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-McBurr Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

F. EDWARDS & CO.

General Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Will sell your Property.
Will rent your House or Farm.
Will look after your Tenants.
Will find Loans for your Money.
Will insure your Buildings.
Charges very reasonable. Office with S. F. Smith.

H. B. PETERSON, DENTIST

VITALIZED AIR.

OFFICE—Over Dimmick's store, Washington Street. RESIDENCE—Washington St., opposite Congregational church.

WILLIAM M. KILPATRICK, LAWYER.

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

General Insurance Agent.

Office in the Williams Block, Washington street, Owosso, Mich.

DR. ARTHUR S. SCOTT

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

RESIDENCE, 409 SAGINAW ST.,

Office, 211 N. Washington St.

OVER PARKILL & SON'S DRUG STORE,

DR. C. MCCORMICK

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.

Special attention given to the treatment of disease by means of Electricity. Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica and a number of nervous diseases readily yield to this form of treatment.

Office and Residence No. 290 East Exchange St. OWOSSO, MICH.

DR. L. E. PHELPS,

OFFICE: 114 N. Washington St. OFFICE

HOURS: 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

RESIDENCE: 656 N. Washington St.

Special Attention given to Chronic Diseases.

Hamblin & Crawford,

REAL ESTATE.

Business Chances, Conveyancing, Fire Insurance, Money to Loan, Notaries Public.

OFFICE UP STAIRS 106 West Exchange St. OWOSSO, MICH.

DR. ANNIS S. H. GOODING, Homoeopathic

Residence and office, Williams St., (Corner Block), Owosso, Mich. Office hours—9 to 4 p. m. and 8 to 9 p. m. Calls promptly responded to. Special attention given to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

OWOSSO SAVINGS BANK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$120,000.00.

OFFICERS:

C. S. WILLIAMS, President.

CHAS. E. RIGLEY, Vice President.

A. D. WHIPPLE, Cashier.

J. C. VANCAMP, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

C. S. WILLIAMS, CHAS. E. RIGLEY,

GEO. T. MASON, A. D. WHIPPLE,

CHAS. W. GALE, E. A. GOULD,

WM. A. WOODARD.

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST

Paid quarterly on deposits.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT

Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Bank open from 9 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and every Monday evening from 6 to 8.

The Household Treasure.

A neat case of handy articles, useful in every family—the men, women or children. Worth 4 times the price if bought at retail. Will be mailed on receipt of 10 cts.—to introduce in your locality. This is no humbug but something that will please you so that you will do more business with us. We will send you, also, free one of our catalogues of other novelties. Address

MANHATTAN NOVELTY CO., 648 Broadway, N. Y.

ROB M'GREGOR.

By MARTHA MOULLOOH WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1900, by the Author.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Lawyer Howell was certainly a cool hand. Though Mr. Topmark awakened him at daylight the next morning for a conference that ought to have set him in a flutter, he came to breakfast sleek and serene as ever, albeit he had talked freely with Mrs. Annis and her niece.

He was in holiday temper, well pleased with himself and all about him. Though he fancied himself a bachelor confirmed, he had still a semihuman delight in the young of his species, especially when they had spotless faces and wore fresh white pinafores and had a habit of speech quaintly frank and diverting. Then, too, the green country charmed him. It had such wonderful harmonies of tint and tone. The happy babble of water slipping past was music to his ears.

"The day is a concrete idyl," he said to himself about 11 o'clock, tipping back his chair so far he half lay at ease in it. "It is truly a case of 'all save the spirit of man is divine.' Can Topmark be such a fool as to think I do not see what cards he thinks he holds and how he means to play them? It is astonishing, his infatuation, or rather it would be if the girl were merely pretty. She is so very much more—one of the women men die for—I myself might be rather hard hit if she would look at me as a human being. She did not last night. I was merely a new sort of animal about whom she was not even curious. She had something on her mind. I wonder—no, I wonder most how my respected

host relished the snub she gave him. No, I am sure I could not afford to love her, even with Roscoe secure. My wife must put success before everything. This girl will never do that. She will never do anything indeed that does not square with a sense of honor almost fantastic. A hard one to drive, she is. Mr. Topmark thinks otherwise, he is letting himself in for a very bad half hour. He is the shrewdest blunderer—Oh, ho! Here he comes, looking like the devil."

Mr. Topmark had indeed a face of fury as he dropped into a chair and wiped his forehead with his hand. The hand shook and his breath came a thought unevenly as he said through his set teeth:

"Well, from the looks of things, Howell, you'll have to take that case on a tryer put Miss Magnolyer Tubbs, granddaughter of Naomi Pickins, deceased, in possession of her rights."

"Ah!" said Mr. Howell, half closing his eyes. They were too wide awake. "Don't bring up business today. It seems made for idleness."

"Oh, any time you please! It's your business, not mine," Mr. Topmark said, with a short laugh. Mr. Howell laughed, too, languidly and in a half apologetic fashion, as he said:

"Pardon the correction, but if this is not your business it certainly is not mine."

"Say, what in the nation air you drivin' at?" Mr. Topmark asked angrily. Mr. Howell's face grew more than ever tranquil as he replied:

"I thought I was explicit enough; but, if I must speak plainer, I begin work only upon receipt of a suitable retainer, and Miss Tubbs says, with admirable candor, she has not \$10 to her name."

"Well, what er that? Sue for half you recover," Mr. Topmark said sulkily. Again the lawyer smiled.

"I think I need not tell one so well informed as yourself," he said sulkily, "that law is not an exact science, and that in contingent cases one is never certain of not having his trouble for his pains."

"Confound you!" Mr. Topmark growled. "I've done let you inter this, an you know you can bleed me. All you lawyers is reg'lar leeches, though—as well you as another."

"I thought you would hear reason," Mr. Howell returned, with a bow. "Now, let's get our bearings, so to speak. I judge you wish very greatly to marry the heiress of Roscoe."

"It ain't that," Topmark broke in. "It might er been at first. Befo' my wife died I did want the land, but now—"

"I understand," the lawyer said. "But, I repeat, you wish to marry the heiress of Roscoe? You wish, too, that that person shall turn out to be Miss Rob McGregor, but only after she has become Mrs. Topmark?"

"Yes—no—I don't hardly know. You've got me flustered with your fine talk. But I'll tell you plain jest whar an how I stan with her. I been that this mornin'; found her so took up with er passed er nasty little turkeys I couldn't scarcely get er word with her. She 'peared mighty bright, though, sorter on aidge, as you may say. So I waited, talkin' ter the ole man, until I seen her slip off out ter the p'ar trees. Then I chased off arter her; found her flingin' sticks an rocks up in 'em an p'ars jest rainin' down at every throw she made. Then she up an said how lazy she was—any industrious body'd climb an pick the fruits onbruised, as they was fer p'erves. Then I up an said I'd git up thar, though I wa'n't quite er boy, an she laughed round tantalin an said she couldn't let the father er a fam'ly risk herself that way. Then she kep' on throwin an set me ter pick up what she knocked down. An laugh! You oughter er heard her when them fruits come dancin an hoppin over my bald head. But arter a bit she says:

"Let's go in the grape arbor an rest. I'm 'fraid you'll have apoplexy. I can't have your death on my conscience."

"So in we went an set on the two turf benches, her one side, me the other. She had her ap'ern full er p'ars an flung one over ter me, sayin':

"Have er p'ar, Mr. Topmark. I'm shore you've earned it."

"Then I sorter aidge round ter lettin on I wanted er another sort er p'ar, an she flung up her head an laughed an said:

"Oh, Mr. Topmark, jest fer er change, now, 'p'ose you was ter talk sense ter me! I know it would improve your health."

"Oh," says I, 'then you want ter talk business?' I'm agreeable. Jest you first erway."

"An she says, lookin over my head, 'I can't talk your sorter business, 'cause I ain't got none er my own, an other folks' is clean out er the question."

"Why," says I, 'everybody thinks you've got er heap er business—heap too much fer er pretty young thing like you!'"

"An then she held up her hand, sayin': 'Stop! You know business is buyin an sellin an payin debts. Now, I've nothin ter buy right now, thank God, next ter nothin ter sell sence the colt was stole an not er debt in the world. In fact, I can't git in debt. Nobody'd trust me fer 10 cents. They know they couldn't tetch the land fer it—that's all we've got—an I'd shoot the man that would name sale er mortgage ter daddy."

"You oughter er rich with all this land," says I. 'Wouldn't you like ter be? It's wuth er fortune of it was managed right."

"Then she thought er minit an flung her arms over her head, sayin': 'Yes, I do want money, er heap of it, enough to make some rascals suffer an giv dadday an the dogs an all the black folks er good time."

"You ain't namin nothin fer yourself," I says. 'Shorely you want something of it ain't no mo'n in weddin clothes."

"An then she laughed—she's jest like quicksilver—an says she: 'Oh, Mr. Topmark, Mr. Topmark! How can you tan-

talize me so! You know I ever I shall in love with anybody he'll be shore ter have mothers an sisters an cousins an aunts that'll hate me on the face er earth. They'll eben hate the ground I walk on; so I'll have ter dry up inter the ugliest little old maid. I reckon I'll blow away in the end. Thar ain't no chance er me dyin, like anybody ought when they're crossed in love. You ought ter be sorry fer me instid er makin me sorry fer myself."

"No, I'm sorry fer myself," says I. 'You've done sawed me off short every tetch, but I'm bound ter say er feller that could git you wouldn't mind of all the other women in the world was mad enough ter die over it."

"I oughter say thanky, sir," says she. 'But I thought we'd agreed ter talk sense."

"Oh, no," says I. 'It was business, an, whether er no, I mean ter tell you my comin here so much means business.' Then I drapped on my knees an tried ter git er hold of her hand, but she jumped erway an flung er handful er them p'ar fruits right in my face. One of 'em was so meller it stuck on the end er my nose, an when she seen that she laughed till she cried. But soon she set her head up, an says she in her high way:

"I don't want er seem inhospitable, Mr. Topmark, but you must know that you can never have anything ter say ter me that would not be better said whar all the world might hear it. Good day, sir! I can't ask you in the house. I have got a heap er other things ter do. And with that she left me so mad I couldn't see straight, not knowin hardly whether I'd rather kill her er ask her ter walk on me."

"It must have tried your temper—such impertinence," Mr. Howell said, yet laughed behind his hand at the thought of Mr. Topmark with the pear on his nose. "Pardon me if I seem impertinent," he went on, "but you had better tell me your whole mind toward the other one. Miss Magnolia Tubbs is not bad looking, but she impresses me as being—well, a trifle hard mouthed and more than a trifle skittish."

"You're right. But she's got her match—that thar Noch. He's the devil. Besides, he's got the upper hand. The gal's been unfortunate. Thar's er child, you see. Till I found that out thar might er been two choices fer me. Noch wouldn't have the land as er gracious gift, so she—Magnolyer—is crazy ter git money. Say, you go right over ter Roscoe tomorrow mornin. Ask fer the ole man. Ef you insist you won't talk only ter him, it'll skeer that little vixen wusser'n anything. But don't tell him. Talk ter her. Don't beat about the bush. Say right out you've been asked ter take the case an how I've tried ter keep you from tetchin it an only giv in after you promised ter try an compet-

"You shall not suppose such a thing," Rob said, with a quick shiver. "To do it would be to deny the mercy of God. I shall live to take care of him. I will do it in spite of everything. What you have said, though, shows me the case is hopeless, so far as it concerns you. I can only beg your pardon for having troubled you."

"You know it ain't no trouble, not the least. Why, Miss Rob, I'd do just anything fer you an glad er the chance," Mr. Topmark said eagerly. "Now, don't you fret an think you're goin ter be turned out er house an home. Thar shan't never happen while Ben Topmark's yours ter command."

"Excuse me. You must know I cannot accept any but such help as may come strictly in the way of business," Rob said, her eyes beginning to shine. "Forgive me if I seem bold, Mr. Topmark, but I must say in justice to myself that in thus applying to you I took account not of your gallantry, but of your well known shrewdness. I am offering you for \$5,000 what I know you want very much and otherwise would not get at all."

"You mean jest Roscoe, I 'p'ose," Mr. Topmark said, grinning. "I do want it, Miss Rob, but, Lord, not half, not er hundredth part, as bad as I want you. Now, don't you try ter stop me. You sent fer me, remember. I got er right ter speak. I know you don't keep nothin in the world er bout me, an I'm er fool ter keep on arter you like I do. I ain't no handsome young sprig ter take your fancy. Neither I ain't er p'ison snake. So you jest say you'll eben consider me, an I pledge you my word you

"An when she seen that she laughed till she cried."

"Name er whoppin big sum. Say \$5,000, though I'll git the thing settled fer \$2,000. Say I begged an plead with you ter let the ole man at least live out his days in peace, an you'd like ter do it, only business is business, an you ain't the only lawyer."

"One would think I was hardly a lawyer from the minuteness of your instructions," Mr. Howell said, bringing his chair down upon all its four legs. "I think I can be trusted with the diplomatic part. What I want is a clear statement of facts and your connection with them."

"In jest so many words the facts is these," Mr. Topmark said: "Roscoe land was took up from govt survey with money her father had give that ole woman, Naomi Pickins, when she got married. Ef she ever 'jined in the deeds ter the McGregors, thar ain't no papers ner records ter prove, though the McGregors say she did do it. But the only one knowin ter that is the ole man hisself, an Rob won't let him be pestered with this of she kin any way help it. Now, yere comes Naomi Pickins' granddaughter, Magnolyer Tubbs, only heir so fer's I know, wantin ter git her rights. But she don't want the land, an I do. I want likewise the gal that thinks she owns it an know I can't git her unless I work my files pretty sharp. She can't fight the case. Law an jestion cost money. Thar she ain't got. Ef she'll let me stan' her friend?"

"But if she will not let you stand her friend, and if Magnolia should discover how much better a bargain she could make?" Mr. Howell began, but Topmark cut him short.

"I'll git the land, no matter what Rob McGregor does," he said, rising heavily. "Thar's certain. As fer that other one, you don't know Noch. Ef she turned rusty, he'd think nothin er puttin her out in the swamp, with er knife eross her throat, like he's done—well, some other things. An Noch, he dassen't git me down on him. No, sir-ee! I know too much."

"Then it is settled that I make a first move tomorrow?" Mr. Howell asked, also rising. He did not mark the sudden, curious grayness about Topmark's mouth, but he wondered a little that it was a full minute before that gentleman answered slowly:

"Yes, an ef you bring back word that she wants ter see me right off it'll be wuth \$50 extry ter you when we come ter settle."

"An when she seen that she laughed till she cried."

"Name er whoppin big sum. Say \$5,000, though I'll git the thing settled fer \$2,000. Say I begged an plead with you ter let the ole man at least live out his days in peace, an you'd like ter do it, only business is business, an you ain't the only lawyer."

"One would think I was hardly a lawyer from the minuteness of your instructions," Mr. Howell said, bringing his chair down upon all its four legs. "I think I can be trusted with the diplomatic part. What I want is a clear statement of facts and your connection with them."

"In jest so many words the facts is these," Mr. Topmark said: "Roscoe land was took up from govt survey with money her father had give that ole woman, Naomi Pickins, when she got married. Ef she ever 'jined in the deeds ter the McGregors, thar ain't no papers ner records ter prove, though the McGregors say she did do it. But the only one knowin ter that is the ole man hisself, an Rob won't let him be pestered with this of she kin any way help it. Now, yere comes Naomi Pickins' granddaughter, Magnolyer Tubbs, only heir so fer's I know, wantin ter git her rights. But she don't want the land, an I do. I want likewise the gal that thinks she owns it an know I can't git her unless I work my files pretty sharp. She can't fight the case. Law an jestion cost money. Thar she ain't got. Ef she'll let me stan' her friend?"

"But if she will not let you stand her friend, and if Magnolia should discover how much better a bargain she could make?" Mr. Howell began, but Topmark cut him short.

"I'll git the land, no matter what Rob McGregor does," he said, rising heavily. "Thar's certain. As fer that other one, you don't know Noch. Ef she turned rusty, he'd think nothin er puttin her out in the swamp, with er knife eross her throat, like he's done—well, some other things. An Noch, he dassen't git me down on him. No, sir-ee! I know too much."

"Then it is settled that I make a first move tomorrow?" Mr. Howell asked, also rising. He did not mark the sudden, curious grayness about Topmark's mouth, but he wondered a little that it was a full minute before that gentleman answered slowly:

"Yes, an ef you bring back word that she wants ter see me right off it'll be wuth \$50 extry ter you when we come ter settle."

"An when she seen that she laughed till she cried."

"Name er whoppin big sum. Say \$5,000, though I'll git the thing settled fer \$2,000. Say I begged an plead with you ter let the ole man at least live out his days in peace, an you'd like ter do it, only business is business, an you ain't the only lawyer."

"One would think I was hardly a lawyer from the minuteness of your instructions," Mr. Howell said, bringing his chair down upon all its four legs. "I think I can be trusted with the diplomatic part. What I want is a clear statement of facts and your connection with them."

"In jest so many words the facts is these," Mr. Topmark said: "Roscoe land was took up from govt survey with money her father had give that ole woman, Naomi Pickins, when she got married. Ef she ever 'jined in the deeds ter the McGregors, thar ain't no papers ner records ter prove, though the McGregors say she did do it. But the only one knowin ter that is the ole man hisself, an Rob won't let him be pestered with this of she kin any way help it. Now, yere comes Naomi Pickins' granddaughter, Magnolyer Tubbs, only heir so fer's I know, wantin ter git her rights. But she don't want the land, an I do. I want likewise the gal that thinks she owns it an know I can't git her unless I work my files pretty sharp. She can't fight the case. Law an jestion cost money. Thar she ain't got. Ef she'll let me stan' her friend?"

"But if she will not let you stand her friend, and if Magnolia should discover how much better a bargain she could make?" Mr. Howell began, but Topmark cut him short.

"I'll git the land, no matter what Rob McGregor does," he said, rising heavily. "Thar's certain. As fer that other one, you don't know Noch. Ef she turned rusty, he'd think nothin er puttin her out in the swamp, with er knife eross her throat, like he's done—well, some other things. An Noch, he dassen't git me down on him. No, sir-ee! I know too much."

"Then it is settled that I make a first move tomorrow?" Mr. Howell asked, also rising. He did not mark the sudden, curious grayness about Topmark's mouth, but he wondered a little that it was a full minute before that gentleman answered slowly:

"Yes, an ef you bring back word that she wants ter see me right off it'll be wuth \$50 extry ter you when we come ter settle."

"An when she seen that she laughed till she cried."

"Name er whoppin big sum. Say \$5,000, though I'll git the thing settled fer \$2,000. Say I begged an plead with you ter let the ole man at least live out his days in peace, an you'd like ter do it, only business is business, an you ain't the only lawyer."

"One would think I was hardly a lawyer from the minuteness of your instructions," Mr. Howell said, bringing his chair down upon all its four legs. "I think I can be trusted with the diplomatic part. What I want is a clear statement of facts and your connection with them."

"In jest so many words the facts is these," Mr. Topmark said: "Roscoe land was took up from govt survey with money her father had give that ole woman, Naomi Pickins, when she got married. Ef she ever 'jined in the deeds ter the McGregors, thar ain't no papers ner records ter prove, though the McGregors say she did do it. But the only one knowin ter that is the ole man hisself, an Rob won't let him be pestered with this of she kin any way help it. Now, yere comes Naomi Pickins' granddaughter, Magnolyer Tubbs, only heir so fer's I know, wantin ter git her rights. But she don't want the land, an I do. I want likewise the gal that thinks she owns it an know I can't git her unless I work my files pretty sharp. She can't fight the case. Law an jestion cost money. Thar she ain't got. Ef she'll let me stan' her friend?"

"But if she will not let you stand her friend, and if Magnolia should discover how much better a bargain she could make?" Mr. Howell began, but Topmark cut him short.

"I'll git the land, no matter what Rob McGregor does," he said, rising heavily. "Thar's certain. As fer that other one, you don't know Noch. Ef she turned rusty, he'd think nothin er puttin her out in the swamp, with er knife eross her throat, like he's done—well, some other things. An Noch, he dassen't git me down on him. No, sir-ee! I know too much."

The Evening News,

"THE GREAT DAILY OF MICHIGAN."

The Greatest Advertising Medium

In the State is THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS. Why? Because it has by far the largest circulation. Why has it? Because it is the best daily newspaper. If you want the best, TAKE THE EVENING NEWS.

Two cents a copy.

Ten cents a week (DELIVERED).

\$1.25 for 3 months (BY MAIL).

AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN IN MICHIGAN.

The Evening News, Detroit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Howell came back from Roscoe with the look of a whipped hound, though he brought Mr. Topmark the wished-for message. But when he had delivered it he went on: "You have not got a nice job before you, Topmark. That young woman will not be bullied, even by you. Confound her! She came nearer putting me in a blue funk than over a supreme judge did. I shall not know whether to envy or pity you if you get your own way with her, of which I have my doubts."

Mr. Topmark was more hopeful when he saw Rob, white and heavy eyed. She made no pretense of greeting, but went straight at the heart of things. "I want money, \$5,000," she said. "You know what for. Will you let me have it and take the land for it when it comes to be mine?"

"Well, you see, \$5,000 is er heap er money, er mighty heap er money," Mr. Topmark answered slowly. "It would be the wust sort er thing fer my business ter sink that much in er remainder in frus'. But then thar ain't nothin hardly I won't try ter do ter 'blige good neighbors. Fact is, I been tryin ter jedge down that thar lawyer. I told him he hadn't no conscience whatever!"

"So he said," Rob broke in. "Excuse me, but I am so anxious. 'Mr. Topmark, please say simply yes or no. If you cannot oblige me, I must try elsewhere. I sent for you because I know you have ready money. Besides the place lies so it is worth more to you than most people.'"

"Yes, I'm bound ter say it is," Mr. Topmark admitted impartially, with the air of one conferring a favor. "But, you see, er remainder in frus'—I ain't meanin the least disrespect, Miss Rob. I know your word's better'n er bond. But the place won't be yours till the ole gentleman's gone. S'posin you died first?"

"You shall not suppose such a thing," Rob said, with a quick shiver. "To do it would be to deny the mercy of God. I shall live to take care of him. I will do it in spite of everything. What you have said, though, shows me the case is hopeless, so far as it concerns you. I can only beg your pardon for having troubled you."

"You know it ain't no trouble, not the least. Why, Miss Rob, I'd do just anything fer you an glad er the chance," Mr. Topmark said eagerly. "Now, don't you fret an think you're goin ter be turned out er house an home. Thar shan't never happen while Ben Topmark's yours ter command."

"Excuse me. You must know I cannot accept any but such help as may come strictly in the way of business," Rob said, her eyes beginning to shine. "Forgive me if I seem bold, Mr. Topmark, but I must say in justice to myself that in thus applying to you I took account not of your gallantry, but of your well known shrewdness. I am offering you for \$5,000 what I know you want very much and otherwise would not get at all."

"You mean jest Roscoe, I 'p'ose," Mr. Topmark said, grinning. "I do want it, Miss Rob, but, Lord, not half, not er hundredth part, as bad as I want you. Now, don't you try ter stop me. You sent fer me, remember. I got er right ter speak. I know you don't keep nothin in the world er bout me, an I'm er fool ter keep on arter you like I do. I ain't no handsome young sprig ter take your fancy. Neither I ain't er p'ison snake. So you jest say you'll eben consider me, an I pledge you my word you

"An when she seen that she laughed till she cried."

"Name er whoppin big sum. Say \$5,000, though I'll git the thing settled fer \$2,000. Say I begged an plead with you ter let the ole man at least live out his days in peace, an you'd like ter do it, only business is business, an you ain't the only lawyer."

"One would think I was hardly a lawyer from the minuteness of your instructions," Mr. Howell said, bringing his chair down upon all its four legs. "I think I can be trusted with the diplomatic part. What I want is a clear statement of facts and your connection with them."

"In jest so many words the facts is these," Mr. Topmark said: "Roscoe land was took up from